

Startling Incident in the House during the Debate on the Address.

YE LITTLE MARCUS TALBOT GROWS ALARMED.

On Friday evening Mr. Talbot rose in an evidently perturbed state of mind, and begged to call the speaker's attention to the fact that a stranger had forced his way into the House. General attention was directed to the quarter to which Mr. Talbot pointed, when it was discovered that the supposed stranger was none other than the member for Wollaid who had covered his face with a crimson and white handkerchief in order, we suppose, to secure a comfortable nap.

The dull debate its slow length dragged along,
And members weary of the low sing song,
Disposed themselves as whim best suited each,
To bear the sad infliction of each tedious speech.
Some forward leant, some listlessly reclined
Their added pates upon the bench behind,
Some yawned, some slept, one covered o'er his head
With hankerchief of flaming white and red,
Of linen fine,—great Wollaid's chosen sponser,
No Grit,—but faith a Moderate out and outer,
One hero here,—young Talbot shall prolong
With him, the burden of my serious song :

Midnight was near, the witching hour
Thrilled, with a most mysterious power,
Poor Marcus Talbot's wildered brain,
Till overcome with fear and pain,
He gazed above, around, below,
With aspect of most abject woe,
He gazed expecting, far or near,
Some spectral vision would appear,
Such as scared Brutus, or folks lie,
Before the fight at Phillippi.
He gazed, nor gazed in vain, for look
What meets his eyes in yonder nook ?
What dread unearthly form is there
That moves and stiffens Talbot's hair ?
What makes his eyes so wildly rest
On that far angle, south by west ?
He sees,—great heavens !—reclining back,
Robed in a garb of solemn black,
A human form, but fearful thought,
There are no features there—yeenought
But dots of blood where face should be,
Blood ! blood ! all mingled horridly.
What wonder then poor Talbot's eyes
Glared, started, rolled with wild surprise ?
What wonder then poor Talbot's hair
Stiffened and stood erect in air ?
What wonder then poor Talbot's knees
Shook like an aspen in the breeze,
As he arose, and, pale as death,
Gasped long and painfully for breath,
Then with an effort pierced the air,
Shouting, " I see, I see him there,
Sir ! Mr. Speaker look, behold
That ghastly stranger in our fold,
Ah ! ah ! I'll die with wild affright,
Phantom avant ! and quit my sight."
Amazed the Speaker gazed around
To pierce this mystery profound,
'Twas vain !—the House with wonder clad,
Looked on alarmed—some thought him mad,
Some thought him drunk—more likely far—
With brandy, swipes, or Loengar,
Till one asked—bolder than the rest—
" What see you there in the south west ?"
Poor Talbot still with staring eyes,
Glared on the figure and replied,
" See ! see ! it is no dream of air,
The blood-streaked phantom still is there ;"
Then points his quivering fingers where
McMicken, by some fancy led,
Had covered o'er his stately head
With hankerchief of flaming red.
The House with roars of laughter shook,
As each one turned his head to look ;
And shouts of " Wollaid to your feet"
Roused poor McMicken from his seat.
The hankerchief which erst had graced
His jolly bib was soon displaced,

And there revealed the phantom stood,
No ghostly form, but flesh and blood,
Poor Marcus sank, with long drawn sighs,
Upon his seat and rubbed his eyes ;
Then smiled to think in such a manner
He had mistaken Ike's bundanna
For a most ghastly phantom, dyed
With steams of blood in phantous tids.

THE SCHOOL FOR SPOUTING.—No. I.

A " Daniel come to judgment "—*Shakespeare.*

We have much pleasure in calling public attention to the opening of a new school for the training and discipline of parliamentary orators. The prospectus will be found in a leading article of " Aged Duplicity " for Wednesday last. Our venerable contemporary has seen the terrible evils of the bore system in the House, as we have exposed it, and has consequently stepped forward to our aid in this important matter. We know that this movement is not the result of any admiration for us, but rather of a little natural jealousy at the danger she is in of losing the monopoly of dullness she has enjoyed for six months past.

After a vivid though somewhat involved sentence depicting by example the horrid nature of the evil ; we have the remedy proposed, but not exemplified, in a sentence, which the greatest bore in the house would have been ashamed to utter :

" Had they selected some one point to be reached, then placed their ideas as compactly in a line to that point as was compatible with clearness, gone right into the subject in starting, and disregarded every will-of-the-wisp with his zig-zag course that glittered near them, and made for their goal as steadily as possible, they would have found their momentum swell as they proceeded, excitement would have grown around, and they would have finished with a universal wish that they had spoken longer."

We hope that the next time " Old Double " selects a point it will be within the reach of human vision and not sprawled through 14 or 15 " lines " in this manner. Let our contemporary remember its own maxim that, " if the hopper does not give down fast enough, the mill grinds upon itself very hurtfully," and we shall be saved a very disagreeable nervous sensation. In our anxiety to extend our contemporary's usefulness by some valuable hints at self-education, we had almost forgotten to give his new " Spouting Academy " proper notice and commendation. Due attention is to be given to the conciseness and " compression " of sentences. One example is given of a speech produced we presume after six months' training with " Old Double." It is the production of the hon. member for Timbuctoo, and is given as the *ne plus ultra* of Parliamentary eloquence. The errors of Burke and Pitt are skillfully avoided by this paragon, and we are sure that when it is read, the Central African School of eloquence will carry all before it :

" The English are good. God sent them. They came. They took us. Our hunger died. Our thirst died. Our chains went off from our feet. Shirts they gave us. Hats they gave us. Trowsers they gave us. Every one was glad. We all praised the English. Whoever displeases the English into hell let them go."

We remember that this style was strongly commended by a European some years ago ; his name was Mavor, and, if we mistake not, he placed the youth of England under some obligations by writing a spelling-book. If we may trust our reminiscences of school-days, we used to be taught eloquence in this way : " I want some meat. I want some pudding. Dinner is not ready. Give me

some apples. Give me some pears. I am sleepy. I want to go to bed," &c. The condensed style of this precious fragment is well worthy the imitation of legislators and Superintendents of Education, and we hope in a short time to record signs of improvement both in the teacher and the pupils. Let us anticipate the happy results of the Mavorian and Central African systems of oratory, by giving the style of one of our M. P.'s as it is now, and as it may be expected to be :

Mr. Sydney Smith before receiving instructions from " Old Double."

Misses Speaker,—

The onabul member fur Tronteh has ben assed to give a pawlisy on this hers seat o' gurnment question over and over agin but he want, sir, and why want he ? Cos why ? he aint got none, not by a long chalk. He done wrong in joining the onabul members from Portnufe and Lotbineer, it war'th the cheese ; no sirree. He is hully unprincipled and selfish, and I'd jias as soon trust a buffalar when he's got the rheumatiz, or a bar when she's riled at losin' her young as that thar onabul genelman. He aint got no consistency nor no nothing o' that sort ; he's jess like a swaller emigrating to furrin climes ; first he's here and then again he aint, cos he's somewheres else ; or like the flies on a hoss in the dog-days ; yo may flare areovrd and whisk yer tail at the critters, but ye can't come it ; the fast you know, down they air agin, teazin' and frettin' on yer like all possessed. Then there's the onabul member from Montreal ; him as writes pomes and says smart things, but he aint no morn' a heap of old corn cobs. He thinks he can write poetry, but he dunnow wot it means. Thar are three kinds of pomes, blank verse, long metre and common metre, and the onabul genelman makes stanzers, an' I've tried all the clunes in my hyme book to 'em an' they won't go, cos why, they aint poetry at all. And the onabul member for Lowbincher he talks like Mr. Forrest in York State, whar I was riz, when he flares up in Virginus the Prince of Babelmandit, and looks for all sakes like an owl in the nightmare any more so ; and speaks like an elephant wot's got the croup. Onabul genelman, I aint no pote, but when the status of inspiration surmounts the official procession of diurnal routine ; when the rugosities of declamation air annihilated by the sweeping fore paw of time, when Sol rolls over after his first sleep and puts his rays out of his eyes, and the lunar and stellar luminosities " pale their disinflecting fires," as Shakspeare says in Dunsaid, I set down to write on Pickelmony the singer after this wise :

Grate female misucker, yere quite a progridy,
Yer voice is sweeter nor molasses treacis,
But not so thick.

I'll not apole the sale of my noo volumn which I am goin to publish next month, entitled " Groans from the Post Office, or the Muse in a Mail Bag," which may be had of all booksellers by reading any more. (Smith faints into Rose's arms.)

No. II. would have been the speech after six months' instruction from " Old Double," but we must leave our readers to supply the rest in the prophetic spirit we have suggested till our next issue.